

THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXX.

JULY, 1863.

No. 1.

A SECOND GLIMPSE AT THE HOSPITALS, WITH A WORD ABOUT CONTRABANDS.

HAVING given the readers of the Magazine some account of things as I found them in the Army Hospitals the last Fall, I venture to lay before them some of the observations and experiences of a more recent and extended visit. I shall have to say a word, beside, of the contrabands.

The hospitals all through the country presented a very different appearance from what they did in the autumn. Those which I had then been most struck with I found in the same admirable condition. Others were greatly improved, while those which were new to me seemed not behind in their effort, if in their attainment. But the thing that struck me everywhere was the absence of sick men. The hospitals were comparatively empty. In some I saw scarcely a man in bed, and of these a very small proportion were suffering from wounds, so long a time had elapsed since any general engagement at the East or the West. It was evident all through the country that government was making ample preparation for the reception and care of the sick and wounded that must soon be thrown upon them as the season of active operations and disease advanced.

VOL. XXX.

1

The interest in a hospital to a casual visitor, outside its general arrangements and detail, must centre mainly in the wounded. I do not think it quite right that it should be so. I have tried not to have it so; but I suspect it is a fact that wounded men are more objects of interest than sick men. Part of this may come from the fact that a wound seems to exhilarate, while a disease is apt to depress. A wound leaves the general system in tone; it is a local ail; while disease seizes and prostrates the whole system. The wounded man is at leisure, and desirous of communicating. The sick man crawls into himself,—he does n't feel and he cannot be agreeable.

The hospitals did not present so much of interest as I had anticipated. There is never any great satisfaction in merely looking in upon the sick. The novelty soon wears away. The general aspect of the hospitals is much the same. A ward is a ward, a bed is a bed. It is only as one has time to stop, to investigate, to talk with men, to get details, to watch nurses, surgeons, chaplains,—as he gets at internal history,—that he really sees or derives true pleasure or valuable knowledge. At the West there was some severe sickness,—men from the armies of the river dying of pneumonia; there was also some varioloid,—cases that excited one's sympathy, but which were out of the reach of word or deed of the casual visitor. At the East there seemed no prevailing and no amount of sickness. The convalescents seemed well cared for and content; but there is still a large work to be done among them, especially at the West. There, necessities pressed so close and so hard that neither time nor means seemed to offer for what many consider luxuries. The body was the one thought; to heal that, the aim. The mind, suffering from homesickness and ennui, was neglected. It troubled me that humane men did not go deeper, and realize that there is in the condition of the sufferer a broad middle ground, which neither the chaplain nor the doctor can minister unto. I know pains and aches are more tangible things,

— seem most imperative,— but the weariness of convalescing is quite as bad and wearing, if not quite as demonstrative.

At one hospital I preached upon Sunday to a crowded hall of voluntary hearers. At the service there was singing by a Methodist choir, and such singing as I never heard before. After the service they went into the various wards, and sang to those in bed. This they have done for more than a year, — a thoroughly disciplined choir of twenty.

The most complete, I might say magnificent, military hospital in the country, perhaps in the world, is the Convalescent Hospital at Chestnut Hill, about twelve miles from Philadelphia. The Sanitary Commission are inclined to consider it a little too nice. It stands on a commanding elevation, and consists of sixty pavilions, radiating from a centre like the spokes of a wheel. These are all connected on the inner side by a circular covered walk fifteen or twenty feet wide, through the middle of which runs a tram-way, on which the food is taken from the kitchens to each ward. This walk affords a covered promenade of a half-mile, the windows of which look out upon a parade-ground, in which, at the time of my visit, a band was playing. The whole is lighted with gas, supplied in every part by water, and ample arrangements meet you everywhere in case of fire. In the chapel were men singing psalm-tunes with the melodeon; in the wards, men playing games; on the promenade, men smoking, talking, listening to the music. The cooking is done by steam. The guard are taken from the convalescents. The library showed that it was used. The central office manifested system such as I had not noticed before, and the whole thing appeared admirably complete, but it is found difficult to get men away. There are twenty-eight hundred beds here, and the surgeon's private purse is said to be largely drawn on, as well as private charity.

At Baltimore there is, on the principal street, a free reading-room, open to soldiers and all loyal citizens. I was in and out constantly, and always found the room well filled

with soldiers quietly reading or playing games. Tracts of our army series left upon the table were carried away daily.

I make these statements to show that the convalescent is not wholly neglected. In one hospital, at least, there are classes in Greek, Latin, French, mathematics. In one a young man was fitting himself for college. In some, men occupy themselves with knives and tools. I have seen some exceedingly good carving, and even cabinet work. The employment and happiness of the convalescent is attracting more and more the thought and sympathy of the charitable, but there is an immense work to be done yet. In many respects it is a greater and more difficult task than the care of the sick.

The hospitals at St. Louis and those of the Southwest Department are served by the Western Sanitary Commission, in the same way that the hospitals at the East are by the United States Sanitary Commission. In both cases the hospitals, and all that pertains to them, are the property and under the control of government. The Commissions are merely outside bodies, furnishing aid and supply supplementary to that allowed by government. Those who are eternally blaming the Sanitary Commission for everything which turns out wrong should remember that. The Western Commission sprang into existence from necessity,—a necessity not suggested by philanthropy, but demanded by fact. The United States Commission was, I think, the suggestion of philanthropy before the fact. It began by five gentlemen of St. Louis subscribing twenty-five dollars apiece. In six weeks it had two thousand beds in use, and its expenses for the first three months were one hundred and thirty dollars,—none of its officers receiving pay for their services. Its first appeal was to New England for a few pairs of socks, and Dr. Eliot told me he remembered his feeling of relief and of wealth when he received from Boston one hundred pairs! No sooner was General Fremont in the city than the awful condition of the sick and wounded that had been sent

up from General Lyon at Springfield attracted his attention. Through all the journey, and for some days after, they had not a change of clothes. They had been sent to the grounds of the State Arsenal, a little out of the city, and there they lay in their battle garments. He told Dr. Eliot and his friends that he was too busy to see to it himself, but that they must go ahead, and whatever they decided was necessary he would sanction. They found him as good as his word. Although there was a difference of opinion in regard to his administration, and though his truest friends would hardly care to have him back in command again, I could not but feel that he had shown great sagacity and foresight. He urged, and was ridiculed for urging, the building of gunboats. He saw the necessity of seizing the very points on the Mississippi it is costing us so much every way now to repossess. His policy with regard to the slave has become not only the national policy, but the popular policy. No man can be in St. Louis, and understand what have been the perils of the city, and not see that the much-ridiculed forts which surround it have had an effectual, though it has proved a silent, influence upon rebel action, if not sentiment, within it and without. His love of display, I was told, had been exaggerated, and would undoubtedly have been modified by time and the experience of actual service. His bitterest opponents were those who did not get his contracts. His great failure was in detail. The only real objections I could find against him were the character of his California associates, and his free use of money, though there were those who, under the circumstances, did not consider him culpable. His sanitary orders—orders based upon the suggestions of others—were of such value that, though in some instances wholly opposed to the laws of the service, they stand confessed by all commanders coming after to be absolutely necessary. His enemies, who have subverted everything else that he did, have not ventured upon these, and had he but remained in power a few days longer, things of greatest sanitary value, not yet passed through the many

stages of military requirement, would have been established by the stroke of his pen. The system of burials which he sanctioned — taking the matter out of the quartermaster's department and putting it into the hands of a responsible undertaker — is alone a matter of unspeakable comfort to surviving friends, and would entitle any man to the name of benefactor. I had an opportunity of contrasting the two systems. Connected with the magnificent establishment at Jefferson Barracks is the cemetery of the post, on the high bluff above the Mississippi. This had been greatly enlarged, and was the burial-place of all those dying in hospitals in and about the city, or on board the hospital boats coming up the river. The day I visited it, the *Memphis City*, hospital steamer, had come up the river with four hundred sick, and some twenty deaths had occurred on board. When I reached the cemetery, two ambulances stood there, and twenty coffins of pine, stained a walnut color, were lying on the ground, and a detail of soldiers were at work upon the graves. The ground was marked off into blocks, and these blocks subdivided into rows. The blocks were designated by letters, the rows and the separate graves by numbers. Each coffin had appended to it a card, with name, rank, regiment, company, and disease of the occupant. This was copied into the undertaker's book, and the name, with regiment and date, were printed upon a substantial head-board.

In this way friends were sure of receiving their own. No mistake had occurred, and they felt sure none could. I met two men there from one of the other States in search of a body, and they had to ask but a single question to get all the information they desired. Everything about the graves was done in a thorough and appropriate manner. Though it gave a deeper tone of sadness to the whole scene when I found that these remains, precious to some one, were put away without religious service of any kind, inquiry satisfied me that it could not be otherwise. In contrast with all this, in a corner were the graves which the quartermaster's de-

partment had furnished,—rude, shallow, sunken, neglected, with a look as of a potter's-field. One grave I well remember. The simple word "*Unknown*" was painted upon the head-board! How many noble, dear, and cherished are sleeping in *unknown* graves,—some, alas! "*without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown,*"—who but for this fiendish rebellion might have lived and died among their own!

On entering the older Western hospitals, the first feeling to one conversant with those at the East would be of inferiority in equipment and detail. This is owing largely to the rudeness of the beds and the somewhat contracted premises. Called upon by a sudden emergency, at a distance from the great centre of mechanic ingenuity and skill, roughly constructed wooden boxes, or troughs, were hastily got together, and made to answer a purpose which for a little they might well do. These, in some instances, were placed very near together. There was no uniformity of covering, and, I must say, the bed-clothes themselves did not look so cleanly as at the East. This latter, however, is the fault of the occupant mainly. The Western man is not so cleanly as the Eastern man. Bed-clothes seemed to me to get very bad treatment from some of them. I doubt if they could be kept neat. In essentials the Western hospitals range by the side of ours, and the new hospital buildings are being furnished throughout with the light iron bedstead. Nothing contributes more to the air of comfort and neatness which invests the large hospitals on the Atlantic shore than the uniformity of the bedstead, with their coverlets of white or slate-color. When the mosquito-nets are used, one can hardly imagine the effect.

The new hospitals at St. Louis are wholly without the city, at Benton Barracks and at Jefferson Barracks, and it is intended to close as fast as possible the city hospitals, using only those which are recently constructed for the purpose in the country. Benton Barracks, two miles out of the city, occupy the beautiful fair-grounds of the city, some twenty

acres in extent. In the centre is a huge amphitheatre, an enclosure of two or three acres, with seats calculated for 20,000 persons, within which were exhibitions of animals and trials of speed. These seats have been floored over, and a huge circular ward constructed upon them, with every possible appurtenance and convenience, and will be made a light and airy abode of comfort, health, and pleasure to fifteen hundred patients. The space within is to be cultivated as a garden. It is honorable to the citizens of St. Louis that this place of public resort should be yielded to the sufferers from the field; and under the very efficient charge of Dr. Russell of Natick, I do not doubt that it will be all that it promises.

Jefferson Barracks are twelve miles below the city. You know this is a government station of some note, an old and permanent military post, the fitting-out and starting-place for all Western military expeditions. There are twelve hundred acres within the enclosure, richly wooded, and diversified with that peculiar graceful swell which characterizes the rolling prairie of the West. The old military barracks are now used as hospital wards, but are not at all adapted to the purpose. They are, however, very neat, and the open fire-places make admirable ventilators.

Here as elsewhere, and again at Washington, I found some wards beautifully dressed with evergreen, in commemoration of Easter, while in others the walls were graced with pictures, and the window-seats filled with flowers, and over the beds, in large print, cheering texts of Scripture hung. There were not many patients here. I remember a talk I had with a joyous Western man, as he lay in his bed, close by a window. One would not suppose that he had ever had a care or a pain or a cross in his life, and yet he had a fearful wound in his thigh, his arm broken, his foot lacerated, and twelve balls through his clothes, "*though*," as he expressed it, "*they didn't go into my hide.*"

At some distance from the old barracks they had commenced the construction of nine hospital buildings, six hun-

dred feet in length, which were to be divided into wards of three hundred feet. But three of these were finished, and I trust the rest never will be. The wards were exceedingly neat, divided at the centre by drapery which broke the long monotony and added a cheerful effect, and on such bright, warm days as that of my visit, when all doors and windows were open, would do very well. At other times they must be close and uncomfortable. I found on inquiry that a quartermaster had given the job to a carpenter, and, without any assistance from an architect, these buildings, involving an outlay of thousands of dollars, and the health of thousands of men, had been erected. Speaking of this to the Chief Medical Inspector at Washington, he turned to a report by an associate, confirming my own views, and showing that, while the minimum of air for each bed is put at twelve hundred cubic feet, these had only between seven and eight hundred. Some of the beds in the first Western Hospitals had an allowance of but three or four hundred cubic feet to a bed. These are no longer in use. The administration of this hospital and the various arrangements for service were all one could desire. "Ah, sir," said a poor fellow, who had been brought up from the swamps about Vicksburg, "I call this the soldier's paradise."

I found in these hospitals instances of suffering, neglect, and abuse, such as are continually and inevitably occurring, which get talked a great deal of, and are freely quoted against the sufficiency and credit of the most admirable and reliable systems of charity; but I found, too, as I always have found, that such cases are exceptional, while everywhere I found ample witness to the efficient and invaluable service of the Sanitary Commission. The wonder with me is, not that there are these isolated cases, but that there are not more of them. I was visiting a hospital with the President of the Western Sanitary Commission, a gentleman of social position and wealth, who has devoted his whole time gratuitously to the Commission. As we entered, a fine-looking young fellow

greeted him with warmth, his expressive face lighting up with joy, and as I lingered behind he told me that he was coming up the river in one of the government boats,—a government boat is a very different thing from a Sanitary Commission boat,—on which he and those with him had received little or no attention, every man on board, whatever his disease or condition, being served with a *Dover's Powder*. When at Memphis, this gentleman came on board, saw the condition of things, sent for supplies, turned back with the boat, and gave himself up to the care of the sufferers. I think a repetition of this neglect on that boat would be impossible. At the Lawson Hospital, at St. Louis, a building with six hundred beds, where the patients were lifted to their wards, and all food and heavy articles brought by the aid of a steam-engine, I was drawn into conversation with a very intelligent middle-aged man from Illinois, who had lost his hand. It had not been a bad wound, but for three weeks it had not been cared for through the drunkenness of the surgeon in charge of the wounded coming up from Rosencrans's army, and when examined at the hospital it was found to be mortifying. In this case the mischief done had had the effect of reforming the surgeon apparently,—a poor compensation to the sufferer, who said he need not have gone into the fight at all that day, for he had been badly hurt a short time before; but there had been a good deal of shirking in his regiment, and he thought his comrades might think he was trying to shirk. I repeat, that, from all I have seen and heard, I believe that cases of neglect or ill-treatment of the sick and wounded are comparatively few. Still they do and will occur. There are in our service some three thousand surgeons,—nurses and hospital attendants almost without number, and it is expecting more than we find in any other department in life if we look among these for perfect honesty and fidelity.

I have alluded to hospital boats. These were early suggested, and have been in constant use, bringing the sick and

wounded from the army camps below to St. Louis. They are chartered and furnished and rationed by government, but assistant surgeons, male and female nurses, and hospital stores are supplied by the Commission. The *City of Memphis*, the boat I was on board of, had just brought four hundred sick and wounded from General Grant. One who has never seen these river boats can form no idea of their appearance, or their wonderful adaptation to such service. In every way these boats are unlike our own, except that they are boats, and go by steam. Of a length of three hundred feet and upward, by forty or sixty in breadth, they draw but two or three feet of water, so that there is no hold at all, and the boilers are on the first deck. Above this rise three other decks, till the steamboat stands higher than most houses, far out of water. The guards on the boiler-deck are very broad, and here, defended from sun and rain by curtains of duck, are spread cots, in which the sick are said to be more comfortable than in hospitals on shore. The long saloon upon the cabin deck has a double row of beds running the full length, while the state-rooms opening into the saloon and out upon the guards give ample quarters to still other patients, all of whom can be easily served. The draft made by the motion of the boat is most beneficial. Neatly folded upon every bed I found a clean hospital shirt awaiting the next comer. These boats are constantly going backward and forward, and have saved hundreds of lives and much misery and suffering.

With great quietness, thoroughness, decision, and economy, this Western Commission does its work. It is largely indebted to the East for money and for hospital supplies of all kinds. That it is not merely dependent upon the East may be shown by a single statement. The ladies of Dr. Eliot's society give one day each week, bringing their dinners, to preparing hospital work for the poor women of the city, and this is only one among many charities of theirs. In one day they have used *nine* bales of cotton cloth, making two hun-

dred and ten dozen sheets! They have cut up since last November seventy-two bales!

Next to the hospitals the subject of interest to me was the contraband. It is too late now for any man to turn up his nose at that word. The negro is coming into an important place in this great historic drama, and it is fast becoming a conviction to the most stubborn, narrow, and prejudiced, that he holds the balance of power in this contest.

In the Border States of Missouri and Maryland the condition of the negro is no mere theme for philanthropic sentimentalities or political antagonism. It is a present, prominent, pressing, stubborn fact. They have had slavery among them, and they know what it is. Said a prominent gentleman at St. Louis to me,—himself once a slaveholder, having large property in the South, while many of his family side with the rebels,—“Slavery is not the pretext, it is the *cause* of this war, and for one I do not wish to see it stop till the cause is removed, and South Carolina converted into a colony for free negroes.” In the beginning, because of his interests and sympathies, this gentleman, as most Border men did, leaned to the South; and when he took his stand at last for the Union, declared that if ever any attempt were made to use the blacks, he should join the Confederacy. Now he says *use* them any way, every way; and what he says say the larger portion of the really thinking and influential men. I stood in an assembly of three thousand men in the city of Baltimore, presided over by a slave-owner, and spoken to by slave-owners, and heard the most ultra emancipation doctrines received with wildest applause, waving of flags and cheers,—such words as to-day, even in Faneuil Hall, would not meet with unqualified approval. Where the thing has to be faced, where the issue is brought home, where they see slavery on the one hand and freedom on the other, there is a clearness of conviction and a sternness of decision we have not got. No peace, they say, till the cause is removed. “I am a slaveholder,” said a speaker; “but if slavery is in the way, let

slavery and my slaves go." It would have done every Northern man whose sympathies lie South — I have been advised not to use the word Copperhead — good to have heard the withering contempt with which he and his purposes were spoken of by loyal Southerners.

The city election, while I was in St. Louis, carried by the radical emancipationists, showed the majority in favor of freedom as five to two. The refusal of Congress to pass a bill for compensated emancipation — a bill which is believed there to have been defeated by the jealousy and intrigue of Iowa, Indiana, and Illinois — they regard as retarding the question, not merely of freedom, but of loyalty, and insuring them another year of guerilla warfare and uncertainty. It is curious to see how interest ever stands in the way of principle, and to know that these great Free States are unwilling to allow that boon to a suffering neighbor, lest her better climate and cheaper lands should draw the tide of immigration to her, and even entice their own citizens.

The Proclamation of the President has had a most unhappy effect upon one class of slaves. While it frees the slave of the rebel, it rivets the chain of the slave of the loyal man. The runaway of the rebel master is protected by the military law ; the runaway of the loyal master has no protection from law civil or military. He must be returned, if he cannot be bought off or run off, and is returned more surely than before. Under the military law, the slave of the rebel becomes a freeman, is protected, provided with work and wages, while his equally deserving fellow-sufferer is remanded to slavery because he chances to have a loyal master. Said a shrewd negro, — a runaway from a disloyal man, who made, however, great professions of loyalty, — referring to this state of things, "I always notice when two dogs quarrel over a bone, it is done gone for the bone." The story of this negro was a touching one. He had fled from his master, bringing proof of secret meetings and concealed arms. The friend I was with had hired him, and he had proved honest, indus-

trious, and capable, and was always singing about his work. One day, when there were none but women in the house, his master's son, attended by a driver and a mock policeman, drove up, and, after a severe fight, secured him and drove away. A neighbor gave the alarm. The house was some two miles from the city, and it was long before my friend returned. Informing the city police, the man was soon found in a jail, where he had been placed for security, and, by a series of judicious movements, all his captors were captured, and by nine o'clock the same evening he was asleep in his own bed, and they in his place in the prison! Speaking about it to my friend afterward, he said: "I am dissolved on one thing,—Providence supporting this nigger. I a'n't going to die the slave of a Secesh master; I going to die the slave of a Union master anyhow; unless," he said, after a pause, "I die before I get through this scrape." At another time, he said he would n't kill his master, "*but just put him under doctors till he die.*" It came out before the Court of Inquiry that General McDowell was then holding in St. Louis, that certain Union officers had enticed contrabands on board a steamer near Helena, whom they sold for cotton to load the boat with, and the *Sam Gaty*, steamer on the Missouri, had recently been boarded by guerillas, the escaping contrabands taken out, and, while one man held a lantern, another went down the line shooting them, while at the same time a negro blacksmith at Cairo, earning two dollars a day, finding that the ladies who had charge of the contraband school were obliged to give it up on account of illness, threw down his tools, and devoted himself gratuitously to their instruction. It is such things as these on the one side and on the other, in the midst of which they live, that open the eyes and intensify the interest of the people in this great question. And their zeal, and faith, and purpose, and self-sacrifice shame the pitiless meanness of much of our Northern sentiment.

There are in St. Louis three places of rendezvous for contrabands,—one of them being a hospital supported wholly

by the free blacks of the city. At the Missouri Hotel—a large building, and once the leading hotel—I found large numbers of them. Here they are safe, under a military guard. Let me say a word of this guard,—the Iowa 37th. You may have heard of them. They are a regiment of exempts; are called the Silver Grays; one of their number is eighty-two years old. Another told me that he was sixty-eight that day, was with his father in the last war, had twenty children, and that the women had put in fifty acres of corn, and he *guessed that would do them!* The motive for forming the regiment was to release the younger men from the temptations of the city. They do all the provost and guard duty in the city. Protected by this guard, the contraband is safe from his master. Government rations are dealt him as long as he remains, a school is kept for all who wish to learn, and the aptness to learn is surprising. Any one hiring is obliged to bring a certificate as to his loyalty, and otherwise satisfy the person in charge of his ability and will to keep the bargain he may make with the new freedman. I spent considerable time here watching and conversing with the people. They were under no apparent restraint, were all comfortable, and seemed happy. There was every grade of character and ability, as you would suppose. I found a bright girl of about twelve very eager with her spelling-book. She had first seen one the day before. She began at the head of the alphabet, calling each letter correctly all the way through. I was amazed, but I soon found that it was simply an act of memory, that she could remember the names and the sequence of letters, but did not know any one when taken by itself. I drilled her some time on four different ones, and saw that she was not only eager, but quick, and did n't want to give up. Three days after I went again. Though not knowing the whole alphabet, she had learned to spell several words. I found from her mother—with whom I had been pleased before, and who was much interested in her daughter's efforts to learn—that they were to leave for Iowa that

afternoon. Her husband had been a carpenter and she a sewing-girl on a large plantation near Helena. The master had gone South, the overseer had died, and two hundred negroes had kept together peaceably till the army came, when they made their way North. At a time when there were nine hundred contrabands in St. Louis, there had been some three thousand applications for that class of labor. Ignorant, degraded, this long-abused people surely are, but where individuals show the capacity of Toussaint l'Ouverture, Frederick Douglass, or this little child,—where a regiment, three hundred of whom have been slaves, pass through Boston streets, and the police declare that no regiment going to the war has caused so little trouble,—it is useless to hope to get by the great fact of their capacity and our duty, by a sneer.

I was surprised to find at the West how general had been the purpose of sloughing off New England,—how men of New England antecedents went for it, believing that their interests lay with the South. Men who to-day see that their salvation lies in standing by New England, and carrying out New England principles, a year ago would gladly have let all that go. We who have fretted at the delay in military and naval operations on the Mississippi, may set that delay down as prominent among the providences of God with which our history is just now so full. Had the Mississippi been opened easier, the Northwest would have insisted on peace at any price, or have joined the Confederacy. Stand on the levee at St. Louis, and you will see in the quiet there the strong, imperative demand self-interest would make. The long delay has been God's doing. It has brought the people up to a better standard, a second, sober thought; and though I detected some bitterness because of the prosperity of New England now, and because of what is felt to be extortion on the lines of railway communication, I doubt if there be to-day anywhere a more genuine loyalty than in that region, and especially in the State of Missouri. In Ohio, and throughout his department, the administration of Burnside was pro-

ducing the most salutary effects, while the passage of his celebrated corps — *the Ninth*, composed of New England men — through some of the States into Tennessee, had awakened an enthusiasm toward New England and encomiums upon her most grateful to her sons.

Indeed, wherever I went I felt proud of my birthplace. In an immense crowd I heard a eulogium on Massachusetts which brought down thunders of applause from those that were not of her at all; and standing in one of the hospitals by the side of a large box of games I had sent there, I heard some strangers from the Eastern Shore of Maryland, after admiring the things, and wondering who could have thought of them, ask where they came from? "From Massachusetts," replied the lady in charge. "Bless old Massachusetts," exclaimed one of the party, "she is always thinking of and doing something for the good of others." I think there is no danger of her being left in the cold.

One word more. I am asked by all I meet, how people feel South and West about the war. My answer is, More hopeful and brave than we do at home. I heard of more halting faith in four days after my return than in the six weeks of my absence. We might learn a lesson of determination, patience, loyalty, and faith from those into whose everyday life this thing comes, whose fireside it invades, whose gain it has taken, whose prospects it has blighted, whose future it threatens. "We here in Maryland," said one speaker, the other night, "are either unconditionally loyal, or unconditionally rebel." There is no intermediate third. But the unconditional rebel is not the man to-day he was a few months since. He has seen the writing on the wall. He feels the cold presence of a near doom. He has not half the hope of his Northern ally, whom he despises. There is but one man hopeful to-day, — North, East, West, South, — the *unconditional lover of his country*.

J. F. W. W.

P R A Y I N G .

IN the conference of Unitarian ministers held on Wednesday morning of Anniversary Week, the subject of prayer came incidentally under consideration and discussion. The following facts were cited as setting forth two different orders of experience, and involving the whole subject in difficulties.

Müller, as his experience is given to us in the "Life of Trust," edited by Dr. Wayland, is a signal instance of answer to prayer. A large charitable institution which supports hundreds of orphan children, and missionary operations which involve in whole or in part the support of a hundred preachers, are sustained year after year through the prayers of George Müller. If he wants money, he prays for it, instead of going about begging, and the money always comes. If at dinner-time he has no bread for his orphans against supper-time, he goes into his closet and prays, and the bread always comes, and his orphans have never wanted a meal. Dr. Wayland, it will be remembered by those who have read the book, cites the case of George Müller as shaming our systems of agencies to collect funds, and reminds us to the simpler and more childlike trust of prayer. This is one order of experience.

On the other hand, Haydon the painter was also a man of prayer. He prayed and prayed, and hungered and starved. He keeps praying all through his biography, and getting lower and lower down, and finally ends his life miserably by suicide. This is another order of experience.

Clearly, then, it is not the quantity of praying that saves us, but the quality. The Rebels are said to pray earnestly. Like us, they have days of fasting and supplication; and Stonewall Jackson is said to have been specially gifted both in pious exhortation and in assaults upon the throne of grace.

The *end and aim* which governs a man in his prayers, as well as deeds, makes all the difference between praying right

and praying wrong. If his end is in himself, his life is wrong, and therefore his prayers, which are the breathings of that life, place him in no communion with God, but of spirits like unto himself, and his fervors are not the fires of the Holy Spirit, but self-love kindled into a warmer glow. Praying for personal salvation,—understanding by this personal enjoyment hereafter,—the staple of much of the praying that is going on, is the most subtle and specious of all selfishness. If a man's end is out of himself,—that is, if the centre of all his aims is the good of the neighbor and the well-being of humanity,—then prayer is the aspiration of such a life, and straightway brings the soul into conjunction with the Lord, and fellowship with his angels. It is always and everywhere answered. Not, it may be, after the manner of George Müller, in bread for orphans; for we do not live by bread alone. It is answered in an ever-growing and diffusive peace, repose in God and in his providence, in strength and wisdom daily imparted for daily need, in adaptations of our plan of life to work out its beneficial ends.

Prayer to God for the realization of our personal schemes, or for personal salvation as a favor bestowed on us above our fellow-sinners, or as a means of getting on well here and getting into heaven hereafter, passes sometimes for piety, but it is a mock-piety which is awfully deleterious. The true heaven of the good man, and the only one he will ever enter, is the heaven of serving others, thereby bringing the soul into harmony with God and all the saints that do his will. Praying without serving is only spiritual gymnastics, barren of any good results. Praying *and* serving—praying for light and love and strength to serve faithfully and well—is always answered, and turns life into a song of joy and praise.

We think there is some misapprehension touching the dealings of the Lord with George Müller. We do not understand his theory of prayer to supersede working. He would not say to the farmer, "Keep in your closet and trust God for your crops." He does not exclude any means and

agencies proper to be used. He makes known his wants freely to those who have the means of giving, and this done he simply trusts for the morrow, and throws himself upon the arm of Providence as a little child ; and so doing he has never failed. And what he does in his own sphere he recommends all others to do in theirs. In the workshop, on the farm, in the school-room, in the counting-room, work and pray,— work for an end beyond yourself, and pray God to help you, and the help will come. There is nothing original, as we read it, in the theory. George Müller only puts the theory into practice with a faith and singleness of purpose and childlike trust not often to be found.

S.

“ For true knowledge is the manifestation of the Spirit of God through the Eternal Wisdom. He knoweth what he will in his children ; he poureth forth his wisdom and wonders by his children, as the earth (produceth) its various flowers. Now, if we dwell one with another, like humble children in the spirit of Christ, one rejoicing at the gifts and knowledge of another, who would judge (or condemn) us? Who judgeth (or condemneth) the birds in the woods, that praise the Lord of all beings with various voices, every one in its own essence? Doth the Spirit of God reprove them for not bringing their voices into one harmony? Doth not the sound of them all proceed from his power, and they sport before him? Those men, therefore, that strive and wrangle about knowledge and the will of God, and despise one another for that, are more foolish than the birds in the woods, and the wild beasts that have no true understanding. They are more unprofitable in the sight of the holy God than the flowers of the field, which stand still quietly (submitting) to the Spirit of God, and suffering him to manifest the Divine wisdom and power through them. Yes, those men are worse than thistles and thorns (that grow) among fair flowers, for they stand still : indeed, those men are like the ravenous beasts and birds of prey, which fright the other birds from singing and praising God.” —
BEHMEN.

MORNING BLESSING ON THE STRIFE OF THE DAY.

TRANSLATED BY REV. C. T. BROOKS.

LORD Jesus Christ, I, in thy name,
From off my bed arise;
To thee, who ever art the same,
I turn my heart and eyes.

Again awaiteth me, to-day,
Much labor, toil, and care;
O teach thou me, dear Lord, I pray,
All things to do and bear!

To do, according to thy mind,
The least, the greatest work;
And when life's press my sight would blind,
Let Faith make thee her mark.

I have not, Lord, long time to pray,
Thou seest, in this short life;
Yet know'st thou what the eye would say:
Ah, Lord, I am at strife!

Ay, gird me, Lord, to meet the fray
With all that hateth thee!
Conquer will I again to-day,
Thy hand upholding me.

And when by earthly cares oppressed,
Then will I fly to thee:
Thou that hast lulled the storm to rest,
O still the storm in me!

Teach me, in all, thy mind to know,
To follow, and not shrink;
When on the waves thou bidst me go,
Then hold me, if I sink!

Ah, leave me not to perish, Lord!
Thou know'st I'm truly thine;
And if my courage fail, that word
Shall save me: Thou art mine!

ANNA SCHLATTER.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE MIDDLESEX SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,
AT LEXINGTON, MAY 20, 1863.

BY REV. EDWARD J. YOUNG.

WHEN we consider that the distinguishing feature of Christianity is its regard for children and for the poor, and that the Saviour's injunction to feed his lambs was co-ordinate with the charge to feed his sheep, it seems strange that eighteen centuries should have passed away before schools were established for the religious culture of the young. The Church, which ordained the baptism of children, provided nothing for their subsequent instruction. But, as the State saw the necessity of their intellectual and physical training, so the Church at last felt the importance of their moral and spiritual education. Now the Sunday school has become a power second only to the Church, counting its teachers by hundreds of thousands, and its pupils by millions, having its books, its newspapers, its conventions, its missionaries, and no institution bids fair to do so much for Christianity and for the highest interests of the people, so noiselessly and so inexpensively, since the days of the apostles. What, then, is its true province and sphere? What may reasonably be expected of it? And by what means shall it best fulfil its office?

The Sunday school should provide religious instruction for all the children of the parish and the neighborhood, not superseding, but supplementing parental instruction. It should gather in all those who are deprived of the influences of religion, to whom we owe Christian sympathy, counsel, and care. It is, however, neither for infants nor adults, and its purpose should be, not to make converts to a sect, but to save souls. It is quite a recent and novel peculiarity of some Sunday schools, which seems to be rapidly extending, to have

infant as well as adult classes, and to have mission schools, in the interest of their sect, connected with them. The latter has been called "the aggressive feature of the system." But children of four years of age should be under the parents' rather than the teacher's care. It seems almost a misnomer, that a Sunday school should include among its pupils men and women. It may be doubted whether the discussion of important and difficult questions in criticism, interpretation, and theology by those who have not been trained to study them is profitable or desirable, and whether a "little learning" in regard to them is not prejudicial rather than useful. And we cannot approve the practice of organizing each class into a missionary circle, of giving Bibles as a reward to those children who will bring in the greatest number of new pupils, of establishing branch schools because churches will grow out of them, and of admitting children to the church at ten or twelve years of age,— all which are parts of a system, which would compass sea and land to make a proselyte. We do not believe that the Sunday school should be a forcing-house, in which the young plants are brought forward and ripened prematurely; but that it is by the silent and steady influence of the genial rays of the sun that they are to develop unto perfection. The Sunday school should be distinct from the Church. The latter alone can furnish strong meat for men, whilst the former gives milk for babes.

The less, however, we work outwardly, the more should we labor and accomplish inwardly. The Sunday school should interest and retain all who belong to it, and all whom it can legitimately reach. The tree is known by its fruits. The number of Christian disciples ought every year to be increased by it. The Church should annually receive additions from it, since its law of progress is internal growth rather than external accretion. It is not chiefly by conversions from the world, but by education within our households of faith, that the kingdom of God is to be built up and enlarged. The Church should feel a deep interest and respon-

sibility in the training of its own children, furnishing them with teachers, watching over their growth, and regarding them as its precious jewels. Having been received by baptism into its arms, and growing up under its nurture, they should at length be enlisted under its standard, and should go forth in its service. It is of the utmost importance for young persons themselves, at the very time when they are about to go out into the world, that they should be surrounded with the best influences. The period between fourteen and eighteen is more critical than that between ten and fourteen. If they turn away from religion now, it will be difficult for them afterwards to return to it. It is sad for a pastor, who has watched with interest the unfolding of the religious sentiment in the younger members of his flock, and who has looked forward to the time when it should be deepened and matured, to see them, just when they might be expected to exhibit seriousness and earnestness as the result of their training, yielding to the fashion of the world, absenting themselves from the sanctuary, and given to vanities and follies. Must it not be confessed that here is the weak point in our system? What occurs occasionally as an exception to this state of things ought to be the rule. There is a very marked difference in this respect between our own and other churches. It is the young people who carry the world forward. It is an unfavorable sign, therefore, when they are not attracted to a church, which remains composed for the most part of the middle-aged and the old.

It cannot be denied that a reaction has commenced in our community, against Puritanism on the one hand, and against individualism which has led to radicalism on the other. The tendency is to forms and institutions. In the Church and in the State there is felt the need of a stronger government. The worldly and fashionable go with this movement in religion; and we may, perhaps, hereafter realize in part the truth of the proverb, that no carriage goes to a dissenting meeting-house for the third generation. Others, also, whose

interest has just been awakened in religion, and who do not meet with that sympathy and life which their souls crave, are not satisfied amongst us. Feeling religion to be the most solemn reality, they are chilled by the coldness and indifference which they see manifested in regard to it. They feel (and I quote what has been said to me on this subject) that the Sunday-school lesson ought not to be heard simply like a grammar-school lesson ; that a church which exists to any purpose ought to be alive ; that it is not for the weekly gratification of its members, but for the good of others, that it has been established ; and they prefer to go where their spiritual energies can be employed. It is not primarily from the disbelief of our doctrines that any have left us. They seldom can give any satisfactory reasons for their change. It is with them, in the first instance, rather a matter of feeling and sentiment. It is the heart that dissents, and not the head. Arguments, therefore, are of no avail. And if this is the case with the more intelligent and learned, much more is it true of the simple-minded and lowly. Affection with them is stronger than reason. It is the part of wisdom for us, not to ignore, but to recognize these tendencies, which present indications show to be likely to increase, and to endeavor to meet them. This brings us to the third question proposed in the beginning of this address,—How shall these evils be remedied, and the objects which we desire be gained ? or, in other words, How shall the Sunday school fulfil its office ?

In the first place, intellectual teaching is not enough. Information is not the chief object to be attained. A knowledge even of the Bible is not the ultimate end at which we aim. Biblical geography, history, and antiquities may be called sacred ; but they are not religious simply because they relate to Palestine, any more than are certain newspapers because they are printed to be read on Sunday. Memory is not spiritual apprehension, and still less is it faith and love. I recollect that in a school in Halle, the boy who knew Luther's catechism best was a Jew, who did not believe a word of it.

Not that we are not to study the scenes in the Scripture narratives, so that we may be able to reproduce them; but this is to be done so as to make a religious impression. Thus the places mentioned in Jewish history must be associated with their grand and inspiring events. The life of Jesus must be portrayed so as to excite gratitude and love. The journeys of Paul must be so delineated that the pupil may catch the spirit of the indefatigable, self-sacrificing apostle. The teacher's aim must be to make the child, not only wiser, but better. As in the church, so in the Sunday school, it is the *religious* influence that is the chief power. We are to awaken and quicken the spiritual life. If this is done, there need be no fear of sceptical tendencies.

And there is a native religious element in the soul. The same longing to know Divine truth which prompted the boy Jesus to tarry behind in Jerusalem to ask the Jewish doctors some questions, takes possession of every youthful breast. There are deep questionings and unutterable aspirings, a panting of the soul to God, and a hungering for the bread of life, of which the world knows nothing. Faith is as yet undisturbed by doubt, the affections are pure, the conscience tender, and the love of right strong in the young child's heart. It is *then* peculiarly susceptible to Divine influence; and as Joseph, Moses, Samuel, David, and Timothy all became the servants of God in youth, so these tendrils may be twined round the true Vine. Education would be a mockery if there were nothing good to be educed. Jesus said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The Sunday school is the child's church, and the teacher is in a certain sense his pastor, and is so regarded by him and by his parents, especially in sickness. The teacher, therefore, should endeavor to meet the child's wants, clear up his difficulties, show him what he shall believe, and give him help and encouragement in his duty. He should bring God near, and make Christ familiar, and be to him literally an evangelist, *a bearer of good news*. He should make re-

ligion to be a reality, at once reasonable and obligatory, and applicable to his temptations and sins. He must not go beyond the pupil's experience, by speaking to him of truths which he cannot comprehend; but remember that he is a child, and that he must think as a child. He must not take away the mystery and the sacredness which encompass so many objects of faith, but he must clothe these, as Jesus did, in the language of imagery. He should make the child feel that "the *Christian* is the highest style of man," teach him to be unselfish, and to be a law unto himself. He will take his illustrations from nature, from the flowers of the field and the birds of heaven. He will secure his interest in the Bible, which can be made the most interesting of all books, by reading with him the thrilling stories of the Old Testament and the touching parables of the New. But especially will he teach Christ and his great sacrifice. This will be the most frequent theme of his discourse. It is not by inculcating the precepts and abstract truths of Christianity, but by awakening reverence and loving confidence in the Saviour, that the child's heart is to be gained. The Fraternity of the Music Hall, though they commenced, never were able to sustain, a Sunday school. Let the life of Jesus and of Paul be once comprehended by our classes, and there will be but little more to be desired.

Our teaching should be positive rather than negative. There is but little permanent good derived from preaching against sin. The true strategy in attacking any vice is by putting in a virtue to counteract it. It is only the love of goodness which will induce us to copy it. Our object should be, not simply to keep children from sin, but to give them motives and aids to virtue. While there should always be a religious impression left by the exercises of the Sunday school, as by the services of the sanctuary, the lessons should be made interesting. Unless this is the case, no good will be accomplished either by the teacher or by the preacher. The limits of continued voluntary and intelligent attention are,

with children, comprised within so few minutes, that it is very important that the subjects presented should be set forth in their most attractive light; for it is a principle in education, that, after the receiving power is wearied or exhausted, whatever is then given is not only useless, but injurious, since we thereby weaken instead of strengthen the receiving power. I may add, that, in the case of religious instruction, a positive distaste may be created against all sacred truths by the manner in which they are exhibited. A moral can often be best inculcated indirectly rather than directly, by suggestion rather than by statement, the pupil being left to infer rather than the instructor to announce it. Religious teaching, indeed, is the very finest of fine arts. The spiritual nature of the child must receive the most delicate treatment. It is not to be rudely handled or curiously examined, but is to be reverently watched and cautiously tended. The finest chords must be touched only in the finest way. Spiritual sculpture requires the greatest care.

With regard to the ecclesiastical tendency which has been referred to, it is not because any persons prefer forms to thought that they are carried along with it. The love of forms arises when there is a lack of life. It is to be counteracted, not by yielding to it, which would serve only to augment it; not by borrowing others' methods, imitating their liturgies, adopting their plans, which we can never make so effective as theirs, and which in fact is only saying to them, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are going out," but by our making more of the *substance*. We shall fail in the attempt to combine systems of worship which are essentially distinct. We have been providentially called to our work, and we shall accomplish it far better by acting in the line of our history, than we shall by departing from it. If the religious nature is awakened, and its wants are met, our young people will have no desire to leave us. "Salt your sheep, and they will not stray," said one who was rebuked for filling up his church by drawing away from others. Our salt

must not lose its savor. When we are asked for bread, we must not offer a stone.

Next to a religious interest, it is all-important that there should be implanted in the mind an intelligent and rational faith. The intellect craves knowledge on the highest subjects, clear and just views of God and Christ, of the Bible and immortality. It is because these were not acquired, that any have left our body. They went out from us, because they were never of us. Our duty is to *feed* the lambs and the sheep, and not to lure them by tinkling bells into the fold. And to this end we need more unity, order, and system in our instruction. Without these there may be perpetual motion, but there will be no progress. The young themselves love method. They are conscious how much they gain by it in other schools, and how little they receive in proportion here. This explains the want of interest of their active minds. As the understanding advances, it must have food suited to its capacity. The pupils do not complain, but love to attend, when they are really learning and interested. No instruction on any subject can be thorough, which is without method. Information is of little value, if it be not arranged so as to be ready for use. Nothing will do so much to retain the older pupils in our Sunday schools as spirituality and system. If, in addition to these, we can provide something to be done *by* them, as well as for them, we shall have no anxiety that those who have once tasted the good word of God and the powers of the world to come will ever fall away.

But the most essential requisite of all remains to be stated. The teacher must have a deep interest in his work, and be spiritually as well as intellectually prepared for it. His heart must be in it, else it will become a dead, mechanical task. There is no magical power in the mere words of the Bible. Something more is necessary than simply hearing the recitation. The best part of the hour is often that when the lesson is done, the books closed, and the teacher speaks from his

heart. It is only feeling in the speaker that can move the hearer. It is the spirit that quickeneth. Just so far as the fire burns brightly on our own hearts shall we be able to kindle it on the hearts of others. Hence the need of study, prayer, and meditation. The very word Teacher implies that one has learned and knows. His usefulness will keep pace with his own growth and life. He must study more than his pupils, for he is not only to reiterate old truth, but to lead them onward into new. And as he grows they will grow. As one cannot give what he has not, or be a guide to others over a road which he has never travelled himself, so without an inward experience of the Word there can be no true teaching of it. We must announce what we do know, and testify what we have seen ; and because we believe, we must therefore speak. Thus will the truth have the added power of personal experience, and it will create a desire in others to know and feel it for themselves. You remember that when the Queen of Poland was asked which of the two champions, Bossuet or Fénelon, had rendered the greatest services to religion, she replied, "The one has proved its truth, the other has made it to be *loved*."

Our Sunday schools are an index of what our churches are to be. To you, therefore, fellow-teachers, is intrusted, to a great degree, the future of our denomination. You are at work upon the foundations. It is an office of great rewards and responsibility. The ministry yields to it in importance. Though you cannot see the results, and though as fast as the fabric is woven it is rolled up, it will one day be unrolled. What you now inscribe will be made manifest after the perishable covering shall have fallen away. We ought never to be discouraged, since God works with us, and it is his cause that we are helping to advance. "Tell them to persevere to the end," was the message which Rev. Richard Pike sent to his Sunday-school teachers, just before he passed from earth. Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.

THE YOUNG HEARTS TWILIGHT HYMN.

"They heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day."

My heart shall be a fair, sweet garden,
Filled with fresh and gentle things ;
Where the sunlight falls and sparkles
On the drops from living springs.

Here the singing-birds shall nestle,
Here the loving children play ;
Here the clearest winds move softly
To refresh life's weary way.

And within this earthly garden,
The Eternal Presence bright,
God the Father, ever loving,
Walketh forth by day and night.

God will walk within my garden,
If its way be kept for Him,
And this dear and high communion
Glorify each shadow dim.

So the shadows of my garden
Make more beautiful the light ;
While they nurse the tenderest floweret,
Till sweet Nature give it might.

I seek him in the dewy coolness :
Straight I feel his outstretched wings,
Breathing freshness o'er my spirit,
Bathing all from heavenly springs.

Father, God, with thee forever
Would this soul most sweetly dwell,
While full harmonies from heaven
Ceaselessly around me swell.

Till in yonder peerless garden
I shall walk in robes of white,
With the beautiful and sainted, —
God our glory and our light !

* * *

THE ESCHATOLOGY OF CHRIST AND OF ST. PAUL COMPARED.

PART I.

THE term Eschatology, which denotes, in its literal acceptation, the doctrine of the last things, is used, in its broadest sense, to signify the second coming of Christ, the resurrection, and the final judgment. In this article I shall use it, however, in a more restricted sense, to denote the second coming of Christ, without entering into a discussion of the events supposed to accompany it. That the New Testament teaches such a coming will be granted by all. Indeed, I believe this has never been questioned. The inquiry that presents itself is, rather, what is the character and the time of that coming as represented in the New Testament, and is the representation uniform? It has been maintained, on the one hand, that Christ and the Apostles taught one and the same thing with regard to this doctrine, and, on the other, that Christ taught one thing and the Apostles quite another.

We wish in this paper to investigate these positions with regard to Christ and St. Paul. In doing so we propose,— 1st. To compare the language of Christ on this subject with that of St. Paul; 2d. To endeavor to discover what is Christ's real meaning; 3d. To endeavor to discover what is St. Paul's real meaning. We shall pursue this course with the purpose of finding out, if possible, what differences, if any, exist between the teaching of Christ and that of Paul.

A few preliminary remarks, however, may not be unnecessary before proceeding upon the plan just laid out. First, a difference must not be assumed to begin with, for two reasons:—1. Because this would bias the result; and, 2. Because, *a priori*, the presumption is rather in favor of an agreement. Secondly, an agreement must not be assumed as certain, for there is nothing *in the nature of the case* to warrant this. Thirdly, the subject is a momentous one, in-

volving the most awful truths the human mind has ever contemplated ; therefore it should not be discussed with flippancy nor thought of in a trifling manner. Fourthly, much has been written on the subject and many theories have been presented, all of which cannot be true, and all of which may be false ; therefore we should not be too dogmatic in asserting the correctness of any theory. Fifthly, of all theories on the subject, that which least interferes with the character of the Apostles as divinely inspired teachers should, other things being equal, be regarded by Christians as, *a priori*, the most likely to be true. And, lastly, if our *ingenuity* is to be exerted in any direction, it should rather be exerted to find an agreement than a difference between the teachings of Christ and those of his commissioned Apostles. For common sense no less than piety will ever continue to ask this question : " Why not give the Bible the benefit of your ingenuity ? "

With these preliminary remarks we proceed to the first division of our subject,—a comparison of the language of Christ and that of St. Paul. Let this canon of criticism, however, be kept constantly before our mind as we proceed, viz. that, unless the context or the nature of the subject, or both, forbid it, the same language should always be interpreted in the same way.

We proceed to quote a few of the sayings of Christ as to the time *when* he (judging from the most *literal* and obvious meaning of the language*) expected his second coming. Matt. x. 23 : " But when they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another ; for verily I say unto you, Ye shall not have gone over the cities of Israel till the Son of Man be come." Now, whatever the coming of the Son of Man may mean here, it is evident it was to take place in the lifetime of some of the disciples. † Nor is there anything in the verse nor in

* I wish this qualifying clause to be kept constantly in mind while reading the first part of this paper,—the most *literal* and obvious meaning.

† In what *sense* Jesus meant it would take place, will be shown under the second division of our subject.

the context to indicate what is to be the nature of that coming, or what particular event of the world's history is referred to as corresponding to that coming. Not even the destruction of Jerusalem, behind whose demolished walls so many theorists intrench themselves when explaining such phrases, is spoken of or referred to in any way whatever. From this passage, then, we can only learn the *when*, not the *what* or *how*, of Christ's second coming. We will go on, therefore, to other passages, only remarking by the way as we proceed, that it would be difficult to find in St. Paul a more definite statement of the time, or language indicating a more speedy fulfilment of the event, of Christ's second coming. Matt. xiii. 39-43: "The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels. As, therefore, the tares are gathered and burned in the fire, so shall it be in the end of this world. The Son of Man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend and them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." (See also verses 49, 50.) Here not so much the time as the manner and some of the results of the coming is referred to. But the following, Matt. xvi. 27, 28, is very definite: "For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels, and then shall he reward every man according to his works. Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here which shall not taste of death [i. e. die] till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom."

Now I would ask, what are the indefinite expressions of St. Paul, "the day of the Lord," "that day," "the day," "the day of Christ," "the appearing of the Lord," "the glorious appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ," &c., &c., compared with this definite language of Christ as recorded here in Matthew? Paul is accused by some critics of having a gross idea of Christ's glorious reign about to begin in his own lifetime. But where will you find a passage in Paul's writing, if judged

simply from its *letter and form*, so gross as this ? Matt. xix. 28 : " And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, that ye which have followed me, in the regeneration, when the Son of Man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." Again, Matt. xxvi. 64 : " Hereafter ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right of power and coming in the clouds of heaven." If Paul had used such strong language as this, it would have been regarded as positive proof by certain critics of his literal expectation of a literal and speedy reign with Christ on earth. Again, Luke xxii. 29, 30 : " And I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me, that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." It is said that Paul commands the believers of his time to wait (i. e. to look forward to with hope) the coming of the Lord. But what less can be the purport of Christ's injunction, so often given, " Be ye also ready, for the Son of Man cometh at an hour ye think not "? (Luke xii. 40.) " Watch," &c. ? In the Gospel according to John, it is true that the second coming of Christ is couched in language whose letter and form is more spiritual, and yet it must be granted that much of the language used there, if tried by the same canon according to which St. Paul has sometimes been interpreted, must give up its spiritual meaning. The language indeed seems at times not so much figurative as enigmatical. Take the following examples : " I will come to you again." (John xiv. 18.) " Ye have heard how I said unto you, I go away and come again unto you." (Verse 28.) " And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am ye may be also." (Verse 3.) To be sure, this language was meant to have a refined and spiritual interpretation ; but I submit, that it is not its most obvious and literal meaning. Nor can this remark be met by saying that the Oriental mind delights in tropes. It requires more than an Oriental apprehension " to

pluck out the heart" of these divine sentences. For surely were I to say, even to an Oriental, "I will leave you now for a little while, but will come back again soon," he would understand me to refer to an actual bodily presence, and not to a mere spiritual influence which I should exert upon him. In John xxi. 22 there is a very strong intimation that Christ would come again to the earth before the death of the Apostle John. "Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" It is true John does not seem to have understood it as indicating that he should not die, but he informs us that others did. It has often surprised me that some ultra rationalistic interpreter has not discovered in John's explanation an apology on the part of the disciple, in his old age, for the non-fulfilment of his Master's promise.

Thus far we have said nothing of the language in Matt. xxiv., xxv. Here it would seem that the teaching of Christ on this subject is brought to a focus, all that is taught elsewhere being concentrated here. We will not enter into a discussion of the whole two chapters. Suffice it to say, that, at the beginning of chapter xxiv., the disciples ask really three questions, "When shall the destruction of Jerusalem take place, what shall be the sign of Christ's coming, and of the end of the world (*aiών*)?" How the matter lay in their minds when they asked these questions, whether they meant by *aiών* the Jewish dispensation, or the literal end of man's probation on the earth and the destruction of the *κόσμος*, cannot be positively known. Nor are we at this point of our inquiry concerned about it. These questions will come up in another part of our investigation. With regard to the general subject of Christ's coming as described in this twenty-fourth chapter, we may remark, that it was to be sudden, unexpected, preceded by false Christs and such suffering and distress as had never been before. It was to be evident to all, plain and clear as the lightning (verse 27). It was to be followed by tribulation and anguish, and a mighty separation of saints from sinners. This is all described in

language at once bold, grand, and impressive. Read the following verses, 29 - 31 : "Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of heaven shall be shaken ; and then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven, and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory, and he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other." Then add to this the 34th verse : "Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass *till all these things be fulfilled.*" I do not stop here to inquire what Christ meant by this language. I only wish to state it as my firm belief, that if De Wette, Meyer, and other interpreters of the same school, had found such language in St. Paul, they would regard it as a proof that he expected the speedy coming of Christ. Indeed, De Wette and Meyer both regard these verses (29 - 31) as teaching a literal and speedy coming of the Saviour after the destruction of Jerusalem. But De Wette is prevented, evidently through the influence of his early religious education, from attributing the error to Christ, and in his anxiety to save his Saviour shifts the error upon Matthew.

It is claimed that Paul speaks of being alive at the coming of the Lord. But what is the rhetorical "we" of Thessalonians to the definite statement in verse 34 ? Paul says that Christ shall descend from heaven with a shout ; Jesus says, "Then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man," that is, the Son of Man himself "in heaven." Paul says there shall be an "archangel" and "the trump of God" ; Jesus says there shall be "angels" and "a great sound of a trumpet." Paul speaks of the saints on the earth being caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air ; Jesus speaks of coming in the clouds of heaven, and collecting,

through the instrumentality of angelic messengers, all the saints in all parts of the habitable world.

Now if the language of Jesus is to be interpreted figuratively or spiritually, much more should that of St. Paul be so interpreted. For the language of Paul is not so strong and pointed as that of Jesus.

2 Thessalonians i. 7-10 is quoted to show Paul's gross notion of the second coming: "And to you which are troubled, rest with us when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of his power, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe in that day." But there is nothing in these verses that is not taught in Christ's discourse, Matthew xxiv., xxv., much more forcibly and in plainer language. What are the facts taught here? Christ is to be revealed from heaven, accompanied by his angels; Matthew has the same thought, almost in the same language; he is to punish the wicked for not obeying the Gospel, sending them into "everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of his power," while he is to "be glorified in his saints and admired in all that believe"; Matthew represents him, likewise, as judging and condemning the wicked who know not God, and sending them into everlasting punishment; while the "Come, ye blessed of my Father," &c. announces the same great truth as that revealed in St. Paul's language in the passage under consideration. There is not a single reason why the one place should be interpreted figuratively, and the other literally; or if there is, the superior claim to a figurative interpretation does not belong to the language in Matthew.

It is said Paul uses the expressions, "The Lord is at hand," "The day of the Lord draweth nigh," "The last days," "The night is far spent, the day is at hand," "As ye

see the day approaching," &c. ; but what are all these indefinite expressions to the pointed warning of Christ, " When ye see all these things, know that it is nigh, *even at the door*" ?

Now if it is said that Christ is referring to one event and St. Paul to another, we answer,— (1.) that, in almost every case where these indefinite phrases occur, as also the phrase "unto the end," there is nothing in the context to show what Paul does refer to ; and (2.) therefore, since these expressions of Paul seem to be borrowed from similar though much stronger expressions of Christ, it is but fair to refer them to the same thing ; and (3.) that such egregious errors should not be charged to St. Paul, without stronger reasons than are furnished by these vague phrases.

Again, 1 Corinthians xv. 51, 52, is quoted to show that Paul differed from Christ on this subject : " Behold, I show you a mystery ; we shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump ; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." But what is there in this language which need startle a man acquainted with the language in the Gospels ? Even admitting that the pronoun "we" limits the occurrence of the event to the generation then living, this would be no more than Christ had done in Matthew xxiv. 34, and other places. The resurrection is taught here, but Christ taught it likewise on several occasions. A trumpet is spoken of, and the same figure is used by Christ when speaking of his second coming. The only new feature is the changing of those who shall be alive at Christ's coming (in order to fit them for his spiritual kingdom). But it must be remembered, (1.) that what that change is to be is not described by Paul ; (2.) that the nature of it is not revealed to him, for he calls it a mystery ; and (3.) that some change in those living at the coming of Christ, as viewed by himself, accords perfectly with the genius of Christ's teaching, and even seems to be demanded by it. We shall examine St. Paul's language more particularly

under the third head of this paper, and need not say more about it here. We have, however, referred to the passages in his writings which are the strongest in support of the alleged difference between his teaching and that of his Divine Master. We think these passages do not show such a difference. The language of Paul is quite as susceptible of a spiritual interpretation as that of Christ, and indeed in some cases apparently more so. But more upon this hereafter.

(To be continued in the next number.)

THE FESTIVAL OF ST. AGNES;

AT ROME, IN HER CHURCH WITHOUT THE WALLS, JAN. 21, 1860.

"O virgo felix, O nova gloria,
Cœlestis arcis nobilis incola."

Inscription over the Tribune.

O QUAIEST and most ancient fane,
Whose simple beauty rears
The memory of a pure life slain,
Through thrice five hundred years !

I journey down the stairs' long line,
Beneath the hollow ground,
To what I deemed a dusky shrine
Of holy Agnes bound.

But the half-buried church is bright
With many a candle's ray ;
And windows high pour on the sight
The purer blaze of day.

Nothing is dark or saddening there ;
Nothing is worn or old ;
Lo ! colors rich and marbles rare,
And virgin white and gold.

No faded frescos stain the wall,
No blackened paintings grim ;
All cheers us like a festival,
And warms us like a hymn.

The sculptured Maid within her arm
Her typic lamb caressed ;
While sweetest music joined a charm
That heightened all the rest.

And see, two lambs to the altar brought !
Not for a victim's fate,
But to express a gentle thought,
And to be consecrate.

Thus yearly keeps this ancient fane,
With garlands, lights, and song,
The memory of one pure life slain,
So tenderly and long.

And thus, without the Roman wall,
To all the world it saith :
Behold what shining honors fall
Round Innocence and Faith.

N. L. F.

FOR OUR CHURCH FESTIVAL IN 1859.

"The Church heareth none but Christ." — MARTIN LUTHER.

HARK the cry of surging nations !
Man his heritage would free !
Must his cry for home and country,
God of Battles ! be to Thee ?

Hark the wail from green plantations,
Bodies writhing in their thrall !
God, our Maker ! shall we chain them
Till to ashes both shall fall ?

God, our souls have been imprisoned,
High the walls thy Church doth raise,
Thee, the Unconfined, to limit
To her sacred walks and ways !

Now her morning-gates we open ;
Wide the sweep o'er heaven and earth,
Broad the ways that lead her people
Homeward to their rights of birth.

By our love to God our Father,
By our fealty to his Son,
We, "the Church," are pledged to welcome
All the wandering exiles home !

H. S. W.

FOR OUR CHURCH FESTIVAL IN 1863.

"The Church heareth none but Christ." — MARTIN LUTHER.

FAR away upon the holy temple,
Lifted to the clear and solemn sky,
Stands the Christ in white and silent marble,
Looking onward where the shadows lie.

In the sunrise of each day's returning
Shines the vision on my gladdened sight,
"Christ is here!" believes my morning worship,
"Christ is here!" repeats my prayer at night.

In my dreaming, lo! the Christ has vanished;
Where begin the long and hopeless quest?
Worn and weary with my midday travel,
Thought my heart to enter into rest.

O'er a plain my feet are wont to traverse,
Strown with duties for my watch and ward,
High in heaven my country's flag is floating,
There the Christ I seek stands keeping guard.

Spirit Christ! thou Breath of God the Father,
Rests our cause, and the great world's, with Thee:
Life and soul we give our land, believing
God with man will work till man be free.

H. S. W.

RANDOM READINGS.

A FESTIVAL DAY IN PRAGUE.

MOST of the cities in Europe have some one or more days of national or local celebration, in which the characteristic life and the holiday freedom of the people may be seen to advantage. In the old city of Prague this day is the Festival of St. Wenzel, the patron saint of the land. History does not mention any remarkable acts of this saint in his lifetime. His piety and his suffering, his martyrdom and the miracles wrought at his tomb, were sufficient reasons for canonizing the first Christian king of Bohemia. Does not the credulous Bishop of Olmutz rehearse the marvels of his posthumous power, and exhibit the patience of this Christian ruler, hunted to the death by an unbelieving mother? Timothy of Derbe had both a mother and a grandmother of exemplary faith; but, if the Bohemian Bishop John is to be trusted, the son of the Duke Uratislas was only fortunate in his Christian grandmother. His mother was a pagan and a fiend, and conjured up all the furies of hell against him and against his counsellor, the *Beata Ludmilla*. There is no festival in honor of John Huss, or Jerome, his friend, the real heroes of Prague. Those heretic names are now not holy on the lips of the Bohemian people. In four centuries the memory of the martyrs of Constance has been fairly obliterated from their own city; and if you ask a bystander in the streets of Prague, where is the house which John Huss lived in, your answer will probably be a stare of surprise that any one should ask such a question in a Catholic city. Even the janitor of the Clementinum, the Jesuits' College, is reluctant to show the manuscript relics of the accursed Reformer, which are among the curiosities of the library. Without special pains and inquiry, one will find very little in the city of Prague to recall the time of the Hussite wars. The name of the *Ziskaberg* alone perpetuates in the public thought the terrible blind leader of the destroying Hussite band. Neither his effigy nor that of his master is found among the statues which garnish the parapets of that quaint old bridge over the Moldau.

The special honor of St. Wenzel in Prague has been for some centuries shared by the fortunate martyr who was thrown headlong into the

river, and in the month of May of every year a week of pious devotion is given by all Bohemia to the memory of St. John Nepomuk, the patron saint of bridges. But Wenzel is the legendary protector of the Tschekh race, and their extravagance of rejoicing is reserved for the day of his martyrdom. It comes on the 28th of September, just at the season when the rich-colored flowers of autumn are in bloom, when the red grapes are fully ripe, and when the temperature is most genial. A Bohemian, whom we met at Innsprück in the Tyrol, had said to us: "If you want to see Prague in all its beauty, you must come on the feast of St. Wenzel." But he did not tell when the day was, and we had quite forgotten his remark, until, on entering the city on the 27th of September, in the afternoon, the singular show of the streets brought it to mind. There was a strange exhilaration upon these dark Bohemian faces, a strange neatness and picturesqueness in these carefully arranged costumes. Banners were floating from the larger buildings, and streamers were hung from the windows. Along the way at intervals broke forth peals of the wild national music, with its sudden bursts of sound, and its deafening crash of drums and cymbals. As evening came on, the hasty steps of the crowd, increasing more and more, directed our way down the wide avenue of the Kolowrat street,—formerly the ditch which divided the old from the new city,—to the still wider street of the Rossmarkt, at once a magnificent avenue and a public square. In the centre of this wide avenue is the statue of St. Wenzel on horseback; but on this evening both man and horse were completely hidden under the canopy of boughs, of wreaths and garlands, which the patriotic fervor of the people had hung there. Altars were erected around the statue, and the intervals of prayer were filled by wild hymns and anthems in honor of the Bohemian saints. The glimmering of lamps through the branches, of the candles borne in the processions continually coming and going, the undulation of the sea of white-robed maidens, rising and falling and disappearing in the darkness, the confused murmur of the crowd, eagerly pressing to be near the altars, the illuminated robes of the priests, the grave soldiers pacing up and down to keep order, the display of light and beauty in the windows of the stately houses on either side, and the brilliant stars looking down through the clearest of skies, almost realized the tales of Eastern enchantment. All night long these lights and processions and chants are kept up, and even in the daylight of the next morning

some late pilgrims will be found waiting at the shrine, and priests will continue to sing mass there far into the day.

But the grand religious service of the day is on the other side of the river, on the hill of the famous Hradschin, and in the Cathedral of St. Vitus, one of the most extraordinary treasure-houses in the world. From nine in the morning an uninterrupted stream of gay dresses, blue and red the hues prevailing, pours across the long bridge and on to the Castle Hill. The more pious stop to cross themselves and repeat a prayer before the statues of one or another of the guardians of the city. Some rest on their way in the Church of St. Nicholas, where mass is going on at half a dozen altars. How such crowds find room in the enclosure of the Hradschin is a marvel not easily comprehended. The court-yards are separately not very large, and the interior of the church is much impeded by the multitude of its monuments. Thousands must have been within the precincts when we reached the church, yet there was still room for many more, and it was possible to pass through the throng without disturbing any kneeling worshipper. It was a most striking spectacle. Just in front of the great door of the Cathedral, the Cardinal Archbishop of Prague, in the splendid robes of his office, with a retinue of assisting canons and priests, was saying mass for the souls of the monarchs of Bohemia, before the great marble mausoleum beneath which kings and emperors are buried. It would need many masses to bring repose to the souls of some who lie there, of such as the fourth Charles, who persecuted the Jews and trafficked in orders of nobility, and of such as the first Ferdinand, the murderer of Martinuzzi.

Farther on, in a chapel to the left, were many women kneeling before an altar at which no priest was officiating. On ordinary occasions this would not be remarked as strange. In all Catholic countries the faithful are accustomed to pray at the altars, with the intercession only of their mute symbols, their crosses, flowers, pictures, and ornaments of gold or silver. But on this occasion, when many priests were officiating in other chapels of the building, it seemed singular that any should be worshipping at this altar apart. It was the relic there which was the object of their reverence, a fragment of that seven-branched candlestick which was once a sacred sign in the temple of the Jews. The Jews in Prague are numerous, and their foundation there is very ancient. But it is the boast of the Christians in Prague, that they have an older Jewish relic than any which the

Hebrews preserve. The relic itself is probably not genuine, but only an ancient imitation of the candlestick of Solomon. It is accepted, nevertheless, by the pious of the city with undoubting confidence.

We passed on by a long row of chapels, in several of which mass was going on, around the high altar and in front of the tomb of King Ottocar, pausing a moment to look at the striking wood carving of the Crucifixion,—a master work of Albert Dürer, which no one seemed to notice,—till we came to the silver and crystal coffin of St. John Nepomuk, borne up on angels' arms and guarded by angels hovering in the air. Here there was no priest, but the lamps were burning above, and the eager crowd were kissing the silver covering of the shrine, which seemed almost to shake in the strong trumpet blasts that broke from the nave of the cathedral in jubilant ecstasy. Wondering at such superstition, (for we had not then seen the churches of the East, and become familiar with this practice of kissing pictures and relics,) we came to the Chapel of St. Wenzel, nearest to the grand entrance, and most magnificent of all, with walls covered in every part by rare old frescos and plates of gold inlaid with precious stones. The music, so wild and barbaric, had ceased to resound under the arches, but the low tones of many priests still kept their murmuring, and the crowd lingered as if held by a spell. There was no need of adding the special relics, with which this cathedral is well supplied,—the bones of the Patriarchs, the thorns of the Saviour's crown, the fragments of the True Cross,—to increase the fascination of this strange pageant. There was enough in the mingling of sounds and colors, of attitudes and gestures, of curiosity and wonder and reverence and delight, of ancient and modern art, of genius, of pride, and of misfortune, in the contrast of the present joyful rapture with the histories of terror and crime recorded in these monuments, to make the scene memorable.

In this religious celebration of the national feast-day of Bohemia we could not help noticing the absence of those military features which in other cities and lands are marked on such occasions. The music was martial enough, but there was no display of soldiery, no firing of guns, and none of that noise and disturbance which accompanies a Christmas in Greece or an Easter in Rome, much less any such fearful din as an American Fourth of July brings. Brilliant as were the streets and the bridge, they were perfectly quiet. There was no shouting or swearing, no signs of intoxication or quarrel. It

was a gala-day, but not a day of license. This might be owing to the vigilance of the omnipresent police, in Prague especially numerous and watchful. But, from whatever cause, it is probably the fact that fewer arrests are made in Prague on the feast-day than on ordinary days. There is reason and moderation in this joy. It begins with prayer, and it ends in music and dancing; but it has no frantic outbursts, and no brutal orgies. A Scotch Sunday could not be more quiet than the streets around the Hradschin in two hours after the mass was done, and no one would imagine that where only the tread of the sentry was heard at an hour past noon, thirty thousand persons had passed in the morning hours. It was a strange hush to follow so large an excitement.

To the general demonstration in Prague on the feast-day of its patron saint there was, however, one marked exception. In the Judenstadt, the most ancient, populous, and squalid quarter of the city, there were no signs of any rejoicing. No gay streamers were hung across the narrow streets, no sound of music came out from the low doorways, and no bright raiment gave relief to the prevailing aspect of wretchedness. The Jews of Prague are not prompt to honor any of that line of kings whose piety was proved by wrongs done to the race of Israel. The treasures of their old synagogue are quite other than those of the Cathedral of St. Vitus, and its dusty precincts are opened to the faithful, not on days of joy, but only on the great fast-day of their religion, the *Yom Kippur*, the Day of Atonement. The votive offerings which they bring to their dead are not of silver and gold and precious stones, like those at the shrines of St. Nepomuk and St. Wenzel, but of rude pebbles piled upon the coarsely-sculptured tombstones. In the monuments of the old graveyard,—crowded as those of Père la Chaise or of Nuremberg,—there is little to distinguish the great man from the common man, the rabbi from the money-changer, the huckster, or the beggar. The tribes are marked, Aaron and Benjamin and Judah, but not the honor of any in the tribe. Yet all the monuments—the most dilapidated not less than the few which stand firm in their places—are jealously watched and guarded against the profanation of a Christian touch. No Christian hand shall break even a twig from the old oaks which shade the enclosure, or disturb the mould which fills and defaces the lines of the Hebrew inscriptions. The throng which followed us as we threaded the crooked ways of this Jewish town and burial-place was

a throng, not of happy enthusiasts, glad in the memory of a martyr and deliverer, but of sad fanatics, jealous of the honor of their faith and their God.

Many are the traditions of this quaint city of Prague, which the pageant of its feast-day recalls. On the western hill, where are now the cloisters and gardens of the rich Stranhue convent, the pagan Bohemians once kept the rites of their worship of fire. In the Jewish town the fable runs that the merchants of Israel were dealers in slaves in the ages of the Roman Empire. In the enclosure of that royal palace were practised all the barbarities of torture in the Middle Age. There the "Iron Virgin" embraced her victims, and the prisoner of state was lowered into his living tomb. One may see the ring which Wenzel clasped when he was murdered by his brother, and the challenge of dispute which Huss fastened to the University gate. In the same Museum, which all on the feast-day are invited to visit, are collected the idols of Paganism, and the emblems alike of Greek and Roman and Protestant worship,—a statue of the goddess of harvest, a Byzantine cross, the spoon of the Utraquists, by which the bread and wine are administered together to infants, and the iron-bound flail of the merciless Ziska. And as we sat in the shade of the trees on the beautiful Sophien island, in a stillness which the harmonies of plaintive music only seemed to deepen, and watched the sun descending on the once pagan mount of Lawrence the Saint, gilding the spires and turrets of the lofty castle, the black masses of the Jewish town, the quaint gables and domes of the ancient city beyond, and the garden heights where the Hussite leader once marshalled his band, we could feel that the remark of our companion in the Tyrol was more than justified, and that in the experiences of this festal day we had witnessed the pageant of a long history and the mingling of many religions.

C. F. B.

RAIDS.

RAID is from the Anglo-Saxon *ridan*, to ride. But a raid is a ride for a very special object, namely, for predatory warfare, destruction, and plunder. John Brown's invasion of Virginia was not, properly speaking, a raid, because he and his men went upon their own feet. Stuart's cavalry incursion into Pennsylvania seems to

have set the example of raids proper. It was intensely suggestive to the Union troops. It started this train of reasoning: If Rebel cavalry can ride into the loyal States, where two thirds of the available force yet remains at home to defend them, how much easier can Yankees ride through Rebeldom, stripped of nearly all its available force, with three millions of negroes to welcome the invaders. Six of these incursions have therefore been made since the first of May, which resulted in the taking and bringing off of *nine thousand contrabands*, many of whom, doubtless, are to be made into soldiers. And this, we observe, is only a prelude of what the government proposes to do in this line.

Raids open a rare field for daring, heroic adventure, and romantic incident; and when the history of this war is written, or recited in fireside tales, these will furnish the exciting themes. This is a kind of warfare, too, specially liable to degenerate into savage barbarities, unless those engaged in it are rigidly bound by the war code to plunder nothing but contraband of war. It ought to be remembered, that this is a game that two sides are playing at, though the advantage is vastly on the Federal side, involving an incalculable amount of distress to women and children. A chaplain says, who accompanied one of these incursions, that when they came to "a neat residence shaded by trees, having a piazza and a pretty yard in front," two women, very tidily dressed, came out. When a glass of water was demanded, and one of the women presented it, "her hand trembled violently, and she could hardly keep back her tears." The chaplain adds, "Somehow it made me think of my own home in New England." We hope those who make raids will plunder in the most gentlemanly way, and think of their own homes when they do it, perhaps "shaded by trees, with a pretty yard in front," and liable to the same visitation.

We had hardly finished the last sentence, when news was brought in that the visitation had taken place in the raid of Lee with his hungry hordes. They come, we hope and believe, on a useful mission,—to rouse the government from its dreaming, drive the North into a more compact and invincible union, rouse its slumbering forces, shake the Copperheads out of it, and precipitate the end of the civil war. Where is Fremont? It would be a good time to recruit down South the two hundred thousand proposed contrabands. s.

HYMN FOR THE CONGREGATION.

O CHRIST, we wait for thee ! as now before thee
 Here in thy best-beloved name we meet ;
 For thou hast gone up to the central glory,
 And promised to send down thy Paraclete.

Here may the aged ones, their griefs forgetting,
 Breathe the sweet quiet which thy temple fills ;
 And may their sun of life, when near its setting,
 Clothe in more beauteous gleams the distant hills !

May childhood learn the words which thou hast spoken,
 And give its fresh and morning hours to thee,
 Ere sin the earliest charm of life has broken,—
 “ O let the little children come to me ! ”

And here may all, strong man and blooming maiden,
 When with the grievous load of sin oppress,
 Hear thy loved voice, — “ O come, ye heavy laden,
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest.”

• And passing on through earth's brief joys and trials,
 May we, thy people, join the immortal throng,
 Who sweeter incense waft from golden vials,
 And worship thee in their unending song.

8.

CONFIDENCE.

DEEPER than all personal griefs, all political wisdom and calculation, is the calm, settled confidence that pervades the common mind at this solemn hour. It seems like the transfusion of the Divine mind, giving clear intimations of the Divine purpose and will. Never was such blundering by political and military leaders. One might almost say that blundering has been their main business. In spite of which, the cause of freedom has gone steadily onward, identifying itself more and more with that of the government,— yea, the blunders seem to have been woven into a great plan not of man's devising, as if Providence was to work out the grand results of this war with the least possible flattery to our pride, and the least occasion for self-glorying. We have had disaster upon disaster, after all which, confidence in the cause has strengthened, and the common loyal mind of the country no more believes that the constellation of the Union is to be broken up, than that the skies are going to fall. Dr.

Channing said he was more and more convinced of the impotence of statesmen. The course of history is through channels which God makes for it, let them do as they may. It will be the miracle of this age, that, while North and South were both struggling to preserve slavery, the logic of events was shivering the system into atoms,—or rather the Divine Providence scourged us and cornered us up to its destruction.

The Congregationalist cites the following incidents, illustrating the unwavering confidence of the people.

"Some time ago a Scotch gentleman residing in New York called upon the agent of the United States Treasury in that city, and said: 'I have travelled extensively in your Northern, Eastern, and Western States, have studied your institutions, have watched the progress of affairs, and have acquainted myself with the spirit of your people, and I have made up my mind that you will go through,—that you will put down this rebellion, and come out stronger than you were before. So here are twenty-five thousand dollars that I wish to invest in government securities, and by and by I may have something more.'

"The certificates were made out, and the gentleman took his leave. On the day of the news of Hooker's repulse — perhaps the very bluest day in Wall Street since the war began — this Scotchman appeared again at the Treasury, and, reminding the agent of his promise to make a further investment, said: 'Here are twenty-five thousand dollars more, and I don't think that I could come with it on a better day than this.' That was a faith worth regarding, and its influence was at once felt in the highest circles of the government.

"Mr. Secretary Chase, who was at Boston, fearing the effect of Hooker's reverses upon the then critical position of the finances, hastened to New York for consultation. Immediately upon his arrival this incident was told him. 'Ah,' said he, 'if that is the spirit of the people, we *shall* go through, and I need have no apprehension about the Treasury.'"

EXCERPTS FROM MR. JAMES.

THE vigor with which Mr. James in "Substance and Shadow" deals with the shams which afflict him, may be judged of by a few of his pregnant sentences. The following is his rebuke to the Church. It should be premised, that he makes in connection all charitable exceptions and qualifications.

THE CHURCH NOTION OF GOD.

"The very *gravamen* of our native ignorance and imbecility is, this low conception we entertain of the relation between us and God, as being not

a wholly creative or spiritual one, but a strictly moral or personal one. And the Church keeps up her dishonest prestige in the world by diligently fomenting these natural prejudices of ours against God, teaching us to look upon Him as an essentially outward and therefore finite power, sustaining the most intensely literal and personal relations to us, and feeling precisely the same low emotions of moral or voluntary approbation and disapprobation towards us as we feel towards ourselves and towards each other. For example, I am tempted when young and immature to tell a lie, or to do some other evil thing, to save myself from punishment or advance myself at my brother's expense. The evil is pronounced and palpable, and I secretly condemn myself for it, devoutly asking God's forgiveness. Now in these circumstances what does the Church, speaking by my parents or guardians, do for my intellect? Does she afford me the least hint of anything involved in the transaction beyond the rupture of a purely *personal* tie between me and God, beyond the infraction of a merely *moral* obligation? Not a whit. She leaves the relation between us precisely as she finds it, that is, altogether actual and outward, so that if by prayer or other personal sacrifice I get rid of a whack at His powerful hands, I shall feel myself, to the extent of her influence over me, absolved from all further damage. Our basest natural prepossessions of Divine things being thus authenticated by her unfaithful stewardship, our spiritual faculties of course remain crippled, dwarfed, and distorted; so that if we ever do cease to regard God as a mere unparalleled policeman intent on catching us tripping, and come to the discernment of Him as a tender father, burning to endue us in His own spotless righteousness, it will not only be without her help, but in defiance of her authority, and to the consequent discredit of our own good name.

"What has been the consequence to the Church herself of the spiritual fatuity she has thus reduced us to? What has she herself gained by thus persistently degrading the soul's relation to God into the relation of an evil-doer to a policeman, of a poor, timorous, skulking mouse to an all-accomplished, omnipotent, infallible tabby? Why, she encourages every sneak of a fellow who has been robbing a hen-roost, and is dismally afraid of being found out, to snuggle unchallenged up to the very altars of God; while they to whom the bare thought of evil-doing brings disgust invite at best her distant recognition, are very fortunate indeed if they do not incur her decided enmity. God's true Church on earth is incapable of proving a refuge for roguery; it is a refuge only for those to whom roguery is an impossible thing. The evil-doer has no part nor lot in its inheritance, but only the man who is inhibited from moral or actual defilement, by an exclusively inward or spiritual cleansing. Yet the technical Church has so effectually debased public sentiment on this entire subject, has so completely

fixed our native imbecility and idiocy in Divine things, by persistently exalting the demands of religion above the demands of life, or, what is the same thing, postponing the claims of human society, human fellowship, human equality, human brotherhood, to her own claims, that what we now recognize as the distinctively ‘religious’ mind, has at last got to be out of all comparison the least spiritual mind of the day. Talk to a ‘religious’ man of what he conceives to be the highest themes, and you will learn, to your astonishment, that God takes no interest in universal questions, that is, in those economical, political, and social questions, which interest all good and wise men in proportion to their goodness and wisdom ; but only in some piddling private question of the ‘salvation’ of this, that, and the other individual soul : such ‘salvation’ apparently meaning, first of all, the deepest possible conviction, on the part of its subject, that he is exposed to extreme personal danger at God’s hands ; and then a secondary persuasion that this primary conviction has gone far enough to placate the Divine animosity, and turn it away from its injurious designs. In other words, the ‘salvation’ of my soul, according to the current pulpit orthodoxy, amounts, in plain English, and when stripped of its euphuistic disguises, to this : 1. the utmost possible excitation of my lowest and most selfish fears towards God ; or the outbirth of a distrust towards him in my bosom which would scandalize a Hottentot, and is able to justify itself only on the hypothesis of his essential inhumanity ; and then, 2. a persuasion that these base fears themselves have proved a tribute so well-pleasing to God, as to constitute a righteous basis of discrimination for him between me and other men, and a righteous basis of hope consequently for me that I at least shall eventually escape his vindictive judgments.”

The Orthodox doctrine of *creation out of nothing* Mr. James handles after the following manner :—

“The mother fallacy which breeds all these petty fallacies in the popular understanding consists in attempting to conceive of an infinite power acting finitely, or under the limitations of space and time. Natural religion conceives that there was originally a space *where*, and a time *when*, creation was not. It conceives accordingly that these two great idle wildernesses of time and space were inhabited by a mute, inactive Deity alone ; and that this extraordinary Deity, tired at last of slumbering in eternal sloth, sent forth a great creative shout, or succession of shouts, which made the existing cosmos suddenly appear as if it had always been.

“Even if we admit this hypothesis, creation turns out a vastly greater boon to the Creator than it does to the creature. Whatever benevolence such a creation may be argued to involve to the creature, it unquestionably argues much more to the Creator himself. For who can fancy the ghastly solitude to which, for so many orthodox eternities, the Creator’s imputed inactivity

had condemned Him, without a shudder of boundless horror? And who, therefore, can perceive this hideous solitude suddenly blossom into the profusest society, without feeling that he who alone had encountered the past desolation was infinitely more to be felicitated upon the present surprising transformation, than they who were to have only an *ex post facto* knowledge of it?

"But the whole conception is boundlessly and bewilderingly absurd; absurd enough to nourish a standing army of famished Tom Paines into annual fatness. There were no time and space prior to creation, simply because time and space are experiences of the finite mind, of the created consciousness exclusively, and so fall within creation, not outside of it. They are constitutionally involved in all purely conscious or subjective existence; time having no meaning save to furnish a *rational* or relative basis — space a *sensible* or finite basis — to such existence. Without time I should have no logical existence, or capacity of thought; without space, no sensitive existence, or capacity of affection. Were it not for the logical substance or background which time furnishes to the events of history, history would not exist to me. Were it not for the sensible substance or background which space communicates to the objects of nature, Nature herself would not exist to me. In short, the very stuff of my intellect and sensibility is furnished by space and time, so that in proportion as you abstract them you reduce me to blank unconsciousness or non-existence. Thus time and space do not exist in themselves (or apart from the mind), but only relatively to the human subject; the all of time representing the bounds, thus the integrity, of human thought; the all of space the bounds, thus the integrity, of human passion: so both alike compelling, the one all history, the other all existence, within the strictest limits of the human form, within the straitest dimensions of the human consciousness.

"We do not see Time and Space to be what they really are, mere constitutional conditions of our consciousness: and we do not see Nature consequently to be what she really is, nothing more and nothing less than the contents of our universal subjectivity, made visible and objective to the individual or derivative subject: because we have no belief in the real universality of consciousness, but only in its phenomenal individuality; because, in other words, our reason is still dominated by sense, our science still swamped in imagination. A spiritual intelligence, which means one no longer dominated, but on the contrary completely served by sense, perceives time and space as embodying the true and entire mental subjectivity of the race; and as having, therefore, no objective truth or validity save to an *inferior or finite and derivative subjectivity*. Every enlightened person perceives the true substances of the universe to be exclusively human or spiritual, as goodness and truth, love and wisdom; and regards time and space as mere sensuous forms or appearances of these realities, accommo-

dated to the needs of our infantile understanding, by dimly imaging or symbolizing verities which it is as yet too gross to apprehend. Of course the young must be talked to as if creation took place in space and time, i. e. as if it were a purely physical, and not a purely spiritual, exertion of Divine power. Because, as they are still under the dominion of sense and incapable of spiritual insight, we must either clothe our instruction in parables of sensuous imagery, or else give up instructing them altogether. But our Orthodox theologians are men in understanding, being able to discern spiritual truth or substance in its own light. They therefore should be ashamed to regard creation as a work effected by God in space and time; and should insist upon regarding it exclusively in the light shed upon it by the great truth — to which, moreover, they profess so much allegiance — of the INCARNATION; i. e. as a work Divinely wrought within the strictest limits of human nature, or the bosom of universal man."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Life in the Open Air, and Other Papers. By THEODORE WINTHROP. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.—The editor of this volume announces that it is the "last of Theodore Winthrop's works." A fine portrait of the author fronts the title-page. The sketches are life-like and grotesque, fresh as mountain breezes, full of humor, perfectly charming to take up in a hot day. The excursion among the lakes of Maine and the lumbermen of Katahdin and the Penobscot, is told with the same genius for description that inspired "John Brent." The "Other Papers" include "Our March to Washington," "Washington as a Camp," and "Fortress Monroe," wherein the incidents which opened the tragedy of our civil war, and in which the writer was personally concerned, are sketched with the same wonderful word-painting of which he was master.

s.

Good Thoughts in Bad Times, and Other Papers. By THOMAS FULLER, D. D. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.—Coleridge says of old Fuller, "You will hardly find a page in which some one sentence out of every three does not deserve to be quoted by itself as a motto or as a maxim." His times extended through the civil war in England, and his "Good Thoughts" have special application to them, and sometimes a very special application to these bad times of ours. His wit and his wisdom are unfailing; his style is the pure old English gold, and the reader is never tired, but charmed on and on as he gathers up one morsel after another, whose flavor, like that of old wine, improves with the lapse of years. The good honest face of the old divine looks out upon us fronting the title-page. We are heartily thankful to the publishers for reproducing in beautiful dress

a favorite work of one of the old authors, whom we have learned to love. We hope in these bad times it will have the circulation which it deserves.

S.

Lectures on the Symbolic Character of the Sacred Scriptures. By REV. ABIEL SILVER, Minister of the New Jerusalem Church in New York. New York : D. Appleton and Company.—These Lectures were delivered during the past winter in the City of New York, and were evidently suggested by recent controversies in the English Church and the rationalistic churches touching the authenticity and historical accuracy of the Pentateuch. The Lectures are from the New Church point of view, and are designed for the uninitiated. They are popular in form and style, and excellent in spirit, though less able and elaborate than Noble's eloquent utterances on the same subject. We hope Mr. Silver does not imagine that he has met here the objections which modern scholarship and science have raised against the plenary inspiration of the Old Testament. He does not even seem to be aware of them. Professor Norton demonstrates to his own satisfaction, both from historical and internal grounds, that the Pentateuch could not have been written till after the captivity, or a thousand years after the time of Moses. Alphabetical writing did not exist in the Mosaic age, and the Hebrew language, such as we find it in the Pentateuch, was the contemporaneous language of Ezra, not of Moses. Mr. Sawyer's reasoning and researches are to the same effect. Then the naturalists claim to have discovered traces of Pre-adamite men, and that these men were but just removed from the gorilla, demonstrating as they suppose the *development theory*, and upsetting the Church hypothesis of the fall and the Swedenborgian hypothesis of the Church of a primitive golden age. Mr. Silver must see that his doctrine of a spiritual sense will not meet these objectors, unless he can exhibit such a spiritual sense as avouches its own Divine origin, and is so self-luminous as to overwhelm the objectors with its own light. This is exactly where he will be disputed, for he will be told that his exposition of the first chapters of Genesis is as artificial as the allegorizing of the scholiasts of Spencer, Dante, and Homer, or the allegorizing of Origen and Philo, and so doubtless it will be to all who begin on the circumference and allegorize inward towards the centre. The objectors will stare blankly enough when told that the great whales mean "the science of correspondences," the firmament "the plane of the rational mind," and the gathering together of the waters into one place the "storing up of knowledge in the memory."

After all, the difficulties of candid men of learning and science are not difficulties of exegesis. The Orthodox Church has always allegorized the Old Testament, and the German Evangelicals make out a complete Christology from it. The difficulties are philosophical more than exegetical. Let the New Church exhibit its Christology, its Pneumatology, its profound philosophy of creation and men, as they exist in living organic connection, and as they shine through the let-

ter and transfigure it without any aid from dictionaries of correspondence, beginning with the central truths in their beautiful coherence, and the letter would very soon be illuminated by them. Instead of beginning with the great whales, with Baalam's ass, and with the tails of Samson's foxes, we would begin with the Divine Humanity and incarnation, the creation of the world by spiritual laws, the nature and destiny of man, the origin and use of evil, the laws of Providence, the nature and laws of retribution, the doctrine of degrees and the doctrine of life, and the light of these central truths would soon enough avouch the sanctity of the letter that clothes them, even to Samson's foxes and Jonah's gourd. Mr. James's admirable essay just published, on "the Physics of Creation," illustrates what we mean. O that we might have more with the same breadth and depth on the doctrine of Redemption, of Incarnation, and of the nature and destiny of individual and social man! Swedenborg formulates these doctrines without professing to disclose very much of their Divine contents. But we are not complaining of Mr. Silver for not giving us more. We thank him for what he has done, while still we hunger and thirst.

s.

The Story of my Career. By HEINRICH STEFFENS. Translated by WILLIAM L. GAGE. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.—The original autobiography of Steffens is in ten volumes of some four thousand pages. Mr. Gage gives here the essence and most readable portion in one volume of two hundred and eighty-four pages. It is a charming book to all lovers of German literature and German characters, as it takes them genially through the scenes and incidents of the scholarly and social life of Germany, bringing them into the company of Goethe, Schiller, Schelling, Schleiermacher, Fichte, Novalis, Schlegel, Neander, Malte Brun, Gall, Humboldt, Müller, Jacobi, and many others.

s.

Tales and Sketches. By HUGH MILLER. Edited, with a Preface, by MRS. MILLER. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.—These are some of Hugh Miller's earliest writings, but they are full of the promise of what he was to be as master of the English tongue. His style in these sketches is limpid as a running brook. "I would give my right hand for Hugh Miller's style," said one of more learning than he. The sketches are not remarkable for stirring incident, but he narrates charmingly. Some of the tales are narratives of actual incidents, and are pleasant and instructive reading.

s.

Woman and her Saviour in Persia. By a Returned Missionary. With five Illustrations, and a Map of the Nestorian Country. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.—This volume puts in strongest contrast the state of woman in her degradation, and her state as elevated and renewed by the Gospel. It is practically the strongest argument that could be offered for the Divine origin and power of Christianity. The

personal incidents and experiences will be read with much interest by those who appreciate the labors, trials, and successes of missionary life.

8.

Substance and Shadow, or Morality and Religion in their Relation to Life: an Essay on the Physics of Creation. By HENRY JAMES. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—At last we have a word that speaks to some purpose, and speaks with a tone and emphasis which will command attention, whether or not they command assent. Those who have followed Mr. James in his former essays with any appreciation of his remarkable genius, whether for the most subtle philosophical analysis or the eloquence and power with which he wields the English language, will be ready to go along with us when we say that he has here produced the most significant book of the times. To our mind, it goes further towards reconciling science and philosophy, reason and revelation, than all the controversies of the last quarter of a century, simply because these skirmished at the outposts, while Mr. James assails the citadel both of false religion and unbelief. He shows that the mother fallacy of all the brood of fallacies which corrupt the faith of the Church, and turn the philosophy of the age into a ghastly pantheism, is a false theory of creation. He sifts Kant and Sir William Hamilton, and cuts up their sophistry from top to bottom with a logic which is not less keen on account of its brilliancy. Sometimes he undermines their work, sometimes he plies it with shot and shell. He is thoroughly master of his position, and leaves nothing of Scotch or German metaphysics but heaps of rubbish and ruin.

The blows which Mr. James deals upon the Church for her hollow pretensions, and her shameful divorce of religion from life, rather startle the reader at first. But they are the blows of a man downright honest in his purpose, possessed and borne on by profound and glowing convictions, and thoroughly disgusted with shams. He is a devout receiver, but not mechanical copyist, of Swedenborg's philosophy and theology, and draws thence the impenetrable intellectual armor in which he both pulls down and builds up. The old buildings, given over to the bats and the owls, he demolishes with a robustness and vigor equal to Carlyle's; but, unlike Carlyle, he never pulls down an old structure without showing you the plan of one to rise upon its ruins in diviner proportions and grace. The doctrine of creation and redemption, of human nature and society, of the origin, nature, and uses of evil, is either unfolded or shadowed forth, and, where not given to the reader in full, the reader has the clew put into his hands for finding the path which leads to the open clearings.

The reader, nevertheless, will start up and protest at almost every page, as his old conventionalisms of thought and language are ploughed through and thrown out of the way. The more he protests, however, the more he will be borne on in the irresistible sweep of the argument, determined at all events to see the end of it. The writer keeps his reader's faculty of thinking upon the strain, and at the same time lures him on by his wealth of language and illustration. Such a

work thrown into the midst of our shallow controversies will have a varied reception. The ecclesiastics will fly in the face of it. The sceptics will wonder and misunderstand. But it will live and have its way, and wake up the thinkers to deeper thinking, haply may make the Church ashamed of her inhuman theology and her sensuous and shallow philosophy.

8.

Annual of Scientific Discovery, or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1863. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — Does what it professes to do, exhibiting the most important discoveries and improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, &c., &c., noting the progress of science during the year 1862, and commemorating famous scientists. It is an exceedingly useful and entertaining book, even for those who make no pretensions to science. The student of life cannot do without it. Think of being able to speak by the *spectrum*, if not by the book, of the matter of which the sun is made! A fine portrait of one of the greatest mechanics of the age, Mr. Ericsson, adds greatly to the value of the volume.

E.

Common Prayer for Christian Worship: in Ten Services for Morning and Evening. With Special Collects, Prayers, and Occasional Services. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1863. — We have already called attention to the English work of which this is mainly a reprint, and have spread upon our pages a large extract from the Preface. We would add, that in our judgment it is incomparably the best of the Liturgies, not even excepting the Book of the English Church. It is altogether superior to anything of the kind which has been set forth amongst us; the occasional prayers are exceedingly rich, and singularly Christian in spirit and form. We know of nothing finer than some of the Canticles, and hope some time to hear them sung. The book will find its way into families, and we hope, when the convenient time shall have come, into churches. The externals of the volume are all that any could ask.

E.

Out-Door Papers. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. — Colonel Higginson has proved to be a good soldier; and he was a good writer before. A genuine lover of sea and land, of waves and woods, he is abundantly able to counsel saints as to their bodies, and teachers as to the out-door training, without which learning is vain and scholarship unto the increase of sorrow. These papers were richly worth gathering up. Bound magazines make clumsy books, and what in them is fit to be read more than once should be rescued from the death in life of the "Back Numbers." May we not hope for something very rich from one who in this very hour must be gathering up so much from all out-of-doors?

E.